# ALMAHRA

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# Contents

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# Editorial

This year's Galmahra should have quite a new interest for readers since of all the M.S. contributed, nothing at all has been rejected.

It therefore may be regarded as a fair representation of the University's mental activity. "Mute inglorious Miltons" excepted, everyone who has had a thought and the inclination to give it public expression, is represented in this number.

John Donne has remarked that "None writes so ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or to flie." It is for you, readers of Galmahra, to decide how much following you are going to do, and how much flying.

If (and this is pure hypothesis) you do more flying than following, what is the cause, or rather what is the cause of the cause?

How is it that we meet everyday, "common" people, "uneducated" people who can express themselves with great vividness, who can make a story really memorable and fill our mind with clear images, while we, apparently, can write nothing that is exciting, stimulating or even interesting?

Partly because we are interested in far fewer things, and partly because we have lost grip of language. We are interested in fewer things because we have had our curiosity killed by a vast burden of information which no one has taken the trouble to make interesting or relevant to life. We have lost grip of language because nobody has bothered to foster or develop any innate gifts we make have had, and because we have become accustomed to being engulfed by the wordy outpourings of those who are obliged to present one minute's thought in sixty minute's dissertation.

The language of these unfortunate people is bound to have a profound detrimental effect upon the thought and language

of the listeners, since it is usually something peculiarly diffuse and messy, like treacle soaking through kapok.

Language is an instrument of precision, dependable but exacting. Therefore, as with a scalpel, if you make a mistake with it, it is a bad mistake.

Furthermore, the study of English literature in general, but particularly in the University, is wholly dull. Our instructors are either completely ignorant of contemporary literature, or are extremely modest about their knowledge. They may devote a little time to men like Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Bennet, Chesterton and Belloc, but of the many interesting and stimulating post-war writers, we hear nothing. If our instructors cannot contribute to modern letters, they might at least read and study them. They should reveal the past to us, through the present. This is the only way in which to stimulate real interest in past literature and to reveal the controlling and fructifying force of tradition which young writers must appreciate or perish.

Medical students don't have to make a detailed and laborious study of the theories of Galen or Hippocrates or Imhotep, and so have only a few hours in their final year, to devote to modern medicine. Perhaps some of the modern ideas may be traced back to their ancient origins, but it is the modern developments which must receive the most attention. Of course the case in literature is not quite the same, since much of ancient writing is more mature, and in a sense, more germaine to our times than a good deal of contemporary writing. Even so, modern literature is scandalously neglected.

There is prose being written to-day which is probably as good as anything since Swift. Traven, Steinbeck, Hughes, Prokosch, Saroyan, Kay Boyle, Faulkner, Dos Passos; all these are splendidly worth studying. Has anyone ever heard a lecture about any one of them?

Criticism is easier than construction, but criticism is essential when there is something radically wrong with the educational system. Perhaps the present generation is rather poor material for education. That is what some people would have

us believe. But that can be only half the trouble at most. In any case, it is well for those who criticise us of this generation to remember that we are the children of the last.

Very likely this article has not hit upon the real trouble, in which case, someone else had better discover it, and rectify it before it is too late. For it is a very serious state of affairs when people leave school unable to read or write, and leave the University little more able and much less inclined.

# A Talk With Mr. Peabody

My friend, Mr. Peabody, has a secret habit of gently poking into rubbish heaps with his umbrella, turning the tins over carefully to see the labels. In his mild manner he ponders on such things deeply.

To-day I tackled him on the question of "jitter-bugs"—being in great wrath with Mr. Barstowe, my neighbour. A vile swingster, this Barstowe, who wakes me at the ungodly hour of 7.30 in the morning with his "sweet-swing" session by courtesy of Snitner's Headache Powders. In righteous anger, then, I demanded from Mr. Peabody a fit fate for such degenerate specimens.

"A most important thing," he murmured, "about child welfare is that the child should never be blamed if it cries perversely ——."

"Moreover, the dignity of parenthood should never weaken to the extent of outright scolding. Crying is, after all, a natural, if annoying, expression for some instinctive reason—and should be allowed to work itself out. To cosher the child and calm its tantrums is, on the other hand, an encouragement for such demonstrations."

I interrupted as he surveyed the advertisement on the back of his tram ticket: "But what has all this to do with ——."

"No doubt," came back his even tones, "you have, in your suburban haste, never noticed the wistful something that connects infant ululation with the fervour of the true addict to "swing." Yet the comparison shrieks its presence. Each has within the incomprehensible urge to reveal itself or explode—an unreasoned revolt, in fact."

"But why the tum-ti-tum? Have we not our good music, with its form and movement to soothe the repressed soul?"

"It is, as 'twere, my very young friend, a scale. Compare now the painting of a great master, and the abandoned scribblings of an urchin on a wall. Both are fascinating, and each

may have involved the same amount of effort to produce. Some would prefer to look at the wall-decorator's masterpiece. The one conforms to a certain order, perhaps a tradition, with the depth of a genius—the other is unrestrained, an impulsive outburst. Yet each may have the live spontaneity of true greatness. Which then is ultimately the better? But such a comparison is impossible. The great master himself probably began himself by drawing faces on copy-books. In the same way, you know" (he peered at me over his spectacles) "our orchestral music seems to have grown out of the improvisations of the old, and sometimes tipsy, jongleurs in their taverns and homes.

"Thus the tum-ti-tum is a reversion to the fundamental idea of rhythm—not only expressed by sound but by movement in Nature itself. Of course, I harbour a private objection to modern swing-music in that it has become insincere. It is wrapped in typically coloured cellophane—a mass-production article. It has lost the garden-freshness of the untutored ditties of the people. It smacks of the gilt and the gaudy—fit for the carnival, but not for the fireside. So, my fine protester, good morning."

K. H. BRADSHAW.

## Sonnet

I know that mine's no wizard-singer's tongue,
Able to turn drab words into a plangent stream
Of deep, mysterious pools and waterfalls
That make grave music 'mid the sunlit gleam
Of rainbow mist tossed high. I have not flung
Forth passionate pleas, or brassy battle calls,
Nor sobbed slow dirges o'er the clay of kings;
I cannot show things other than they seem.
Yet, through my earthy husk, there sometimes rings
A patterned, vast, insistent harmony.
Listening, I think of Shakespeare's quiring stars,
Or Milton's God in proud soliloquy.
I am thrall of those old poets' magic yet, and it mars
With gay, worn spells, the moment's ecstasy.

J. D. DUNN.

## Biographies

His life was a pattern, of twos and threes,
A board of black and white, arranged in order—
A predetermined, flat and sordid whole.

His life was a pattern, of rich embroidery,
A fairish tapestry—much patient needlework
And skill. It hung suspended on a wall.

His life was a pattern of length plus breadth
Plus height! He chipped it with a broken chisel from
A boulder. They put it on a labelled pedestal.

His life was a pattern, of the flight of birds
With sweet and changing journeyings,
But even he had maxima and minima.

K. H. BRADSHAW.

# Of Cubes and Spheres

It was with much glee that I heard one Einstein pronounce the fatal words that all space was curved. To me the shortest distance between two points had always been a straight line, a basis of a living existence. Not only had it worked on paper, but in every commonplace action. To put it mildly, the study of this straight-line became a creed. It was not that I was alone in this belief—mass producers had done intensive research on the subject. They had reduced labour in production by a science called "motion study." Workmen had been timed to the split second, their movements reduced to a minimum and their output trebled! This was progress, and so simple.

Modern architects, too, have stopped wandering in the intricacies of the Gothic, dallying with the classic styles. Knick-knacks have been declared taboo; frippery is waste; and elaboration in any design is charged to the advertising accounts. In short, we are "functionalists" (a horrible word, savouring of Sabbath-day observances and worship of the straight line). Functionalism is the only sane and scientific approach for any project. Thus the modern architect, Le Corbusier, has defined a house as a "machine to live in," a chair as a "machine to sit on." He has propounded the ingenious idea of making our residences in the same style as a luxury liner. Whether his sybaritic instincts were coddled during his trip to South America, or whether he really thinks that such an idea is ever feasible, I feel in my spirit that the Great Revolt is coming.

G. B. Shaw gave a crushing retort to the statement that modern buildings looked like boxes. He said: "Well, what's wrong with a box?" The answer is supposed to be an abject submission to the master-mind. The question, however, can be answered very briefly—"Plenty." A box represents all that is ordered. It has length, breadth and depth specified; it is complete in itself and requires but one glance to exhaust its potentialities. It is the symbol of all that is ordered and regimented

and artificial. As an artistic masterpiece it cannot fail to be a dismal flop; as a receptacle for humanity it has the elements of a perfect gaol.

Which hasn't much to do with what I want to discuss.

It seems that we have come to a crucial point—Art v. Science. Is there any possibility of a workable combination? To summarise the various definitions of Art may I give the following as a scientific list compiled by Herbert Read:

(a) Art is the language of feeling, as propounded by Veron and Tolstoi.

(b) Art is expression (Croce and others).

(c) Art is wish-fulfilment, a delightful theory expounded by our new race of complex-fiends—the psycho-analysts.

(d) Art is an instrument only.

(e) Art is sheer imitation.

(f) Art is the means of giving pleasure.

(g) Art is not an activity aiming at the creation of beauty; it is the conscious objectification of one's feelings. This being the deduction of Professor Ducasses' abstruse definitions.

Science, on the other hand, has the one end, the quest and use of knowledge.

The problem may be easily resolved into the opposition of two forces: the free and unfettered imagination of the individual against the predetermined laws of the Universe. The solution which appeals most is indeed an amalgamation. The scientist must be utilised to **reveal** the fundamental laws which govern man's activities. Man is then bound to use the facts which will benefit the race considered as a whole. Whether he does this because it titillates his instincts, whether it is the conscious objectification of his feelings or whether there is a particle of wish-fulfilment does not concern us. He has the material which he can work on to his heart's content and the scientist helps purely as a technical adviser. It is so easy that it seems suspicious. Why hasn't this happened? Ask the Fates, blame it on an over-developed grain of selfishness, call it the effect of petty nationalism. But please don't ask me for a rule of thumb solution here.

All I want to talk about lies in the direction of cubes and spheres. I want to protest against severity and symmetry of form. To gaze at a warm brown egg with its intriguing shadowings seems a more satisfactory occupation than to construct bigger and rounder spheres, straighter and truer cubes. The strange twistings of every branch of a tree, the innate rhythm of a valley sweeping to infinity: these are the things that will be remembered when last days come. No stepping to split-second timing, no grappling with the function of a function, no flying to infinity with the differential equation. The graph and the clock wll be whisked away by a husky gale to some other place, a stark and tubular region ticking inexorably to a dull eternity.

So let us abandon the straight line, sell some of our loaves and buy a lily.

K. H. BRADSHAW.

# "Cogito, Ergo Sum."

From: DAFYDD Y GARREG WEN

# Swing Low, Sweet Saxophones

Made-up faces, made-up ties
Wait for their weekly paradise . . .
Five more minutes till ecstasy
(On, on with the sweet corrobboree!)

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings . . .
Yet, ah! those deep romantic saxophones,
Those ululating saxophones,
Those primal mammoth groans
Into golden microphones—
In every saxophone a fat, black cherub sings!

And when the piebald choir,
Aflame with heavenly fire,
Obedient to the quivering maestro, swings
A piston-rhythm, pound, pound, pound,
Swift from the old, death-stained ground
Grey, withered hearts become unbound
And flitter, jitter, higher, higher,
To singe themselves with heavenly fire . . .

Bring me my sax. of burning gold,
Bring me my tom-tom of desire.
Bring me sweet rhythm; clouds, unfold,
Gimme an earful of celestial fire,
A loaf of bread, a swingtime lyre—
And, in the end, a rhythmic pyre,
Let red-hot rhythm light my pyre.
Over my charred, uneasy bones,
Swing low, then, sweet saxophones.

J. D. DUNN.

# Head First

The wind is cold this morning—not very encouraging, is it? I can see bundles of clouds above, trying to brace themselves by a quick passage across the face of the sky. Even the blades of grass have lost the warmness of growing; like stalks of chilled flowers they prickle where they touch my neck. Strange, too, the earth is damp—only the snail near that stone is showing signs of activity. Rather a good trail he leaves—a silver wake that freezes solid.

That's not what I like—I've always worshipped the sunlight. It is pure cloth of gold, weighing me down, leaving me breathless and tinging my skin with its own colour. That was sweet clothing that kept my flesh tingling. White sand on beaches—each of the grains was a cloudy gem; I was never tired of letting it run through my fingers. No prince was ever richer than I was then.

Thank Heaven there's no sound of voices. My little thoughts can scamper on without their jarring interruption. They are all un-understanding. They never could, with their silly prattle, leave the delicate silence alone. Sometimes I wish that I had stuffed their foolish mouths with pebbles. Then they would know the real joy of talking. Not with words—they're just convulsions done to order. How could they hope to speak when they had to perform a physical routine for each word? To touch the softness of a leaf—that meant nothing to them; their hands were coarse with working or pale with manicuring; their twittering brains were small, too small.

I remember that there was some scrub where I used to live. I had to go there because of the others. They wouldn't come with me when I went to look at the orchids in the trees (except One, and she said I was afraid when I wouldn't climb up and get her one. I couldn't tell her that it would have been like killing myself if I had torn it from its home. They are shy, are orchids, and you mustn't touch them. They shiver when you look at them too long.)

That was why I had to hide my face in the ferns: the ferns knew me well and snuggled about my ears, warm and friendly. And, as I cried, they rustled softly to comfort me, till I was ashamed to cry any more. And the orchids would smile at me again.

There were dark places, too, and pinpoints of sound, and eyes of the unknown people. They pricked me and made me run to the sunlight, panting, my legs stained where I had trodden on the ferns. I bruised the ferns, but how could I help it, when a thousand urging darts were in my flesh and little imps were banging anvils in my ears? They would not let me think. But I was too clever for a little while—I knew the ways to go where they couldn't find me and pursue me.

But yesterday they took me to a big house—it smelt clean and they smiled at me. The streets were white, but oh! the walls—the dimmed lights. It was all so small, too small! That was why I climbed out of that window—I wanted to breathe. See those people at the window now? They're pointing, they think I'm trying to hide here—but they're wrong. You see, I fell head first.

K. H. BRADSHAW.

## The Flight of Wisdom

— A SONNET.

Wisdom were fleeing, did I woo as then,
When youth, enchanted by the miracle,
Awoke to splendour and a world of men
Whose labour prospered, and the lyrical
Ambitios of a new-known purity
Whose touch was healing and whose vision beauty,
In all perceiving good, a surety
In idle words, in every wish a duty.
For if I wooed, as then I did, a lass,
I'd swear with love my heart was new a-blaze,
And Time itself would crumble ere it pass
To dwell for aye in loveliness, and praise
Her memory—And all these things were lies;
Yet she'd believe and fall; which were not wise.

GEORGE.

## The Fall of Man

— A SONNET.

When hills primaeval raised their sunny crest
Unto the concave tenderness above
Of Heaven, as some glad maiden's ardent breast
Unto her new-fledged, still untainted love,
Ere rains had ravished them, and left the trace
Of wrinkled dissolution, and regret
For Time's familiar touch on Nature's face,
Was Eden, undefiled by weeping yet.
The tongues of serpents were the tongues of birds;
And man spake wisdom with the buffalo,
Till on a day, returning from his herds
He thought a subtlety, a way; and so
The serpent hissed, "Neurotics curb their passions,"
To Eve. It worked. (The snake got double rations.)

GEORGE.

## Sonnet to Music

Many a time my heart has felt the zest
And noble impulse of inspired strains,
The greatness of another's soul expressed
Has cleansed my own of its dull earthly stains.

How oft have I at evening searchingly
Meditated the final aim of life,
While soothed in mood by sweetest melody,
That Art has borne since she was Science' wife.

How often when my soul has overflowed,
Euterpe, hast thou sung its joy or grief!
And when my mind has wearied of its load,
'Tis thou who hast in kindness given relief.

O Muse most gracious, fount of ecstasy,
May men ne'er cease to love and honour thee.

DECEM.

## To Cordelia

Thine eyes are brown and wondrous kind,
Still shining with sincerity;
Bright orbs 'neath arching brows enshrined,
They image clear each thing they see.

Thy hair is brown and softly waved,
The sun loves nowhere more to play;
One wisp by a jealous breeze enslaved
Will not thy hand's restraint obey.

Thy skin is dark, 'tis beauty's height,
From every taint and blemish free;
Thy cheek is flushed with youth's delight,
No sight could more refreshing be.

The rose-bud red thy lips compose
Surpasses all in Nature made;
For it has fragrance no flow'r knows,
And ever fresh, blooms not to fade.

DECEM.

# On Segregation and Photography

Newspapers, like metaphysics, are a fertile field of delusion. The judgment is doubtless a trite one because very few adults are unaware of that fact; most of us accept it as inevitable, just as we accept politicians and the sunrise which are popularly supposed to be much as people imagine they are. No one believes the headlines any more; no one reads the social news as a chronicle of contemporary history; fortunes are no longer amassed on the racing tips; cricket commentators have risen above the game to a Neville Cardus form of literary fiction; and few of us regard the advertisements as sober statements of fact.

I was therefore not greatly surprised by a letter to the editor which recently turned my stomach just about the hour when the usual college chop was striving after a similar effect. The well-known author "Paterfamilias" was moved to remark of the photographic display at the City Hall that a true Christian would neither wish to see the nudes therein, nor harbour a desire to see his own women in such curious postures.

The connection, though not at first apparent, between Christians and nudity is an ancient one, and due to a distressing consciousness of sin peculiar to that faith. I always think it a great pity that Christianity was the product of a masculine mind. Had it been otherwise we should have had the Devil traditionally described as a nymph instead of a faun, and I imagine we would not have been nearly as worried about the prospect of brimstone.

Anyway the upshot of it all was that I went down to have a look at the offending photographs. I was not the only one. I believe there was a record attendance that day. True Christians were milling round the doors trampling one another in an effort to see that no one was unduly corrupted. It was an inspiring sight. Some of the landscape work was very good.

To mutilate D. H. Lawrence, I count it a mistake of our mistaken democracy that every man who can put down his bob is allowed to think that he can understand all that is printed. I count it a misfortune that serious books (and photographs) are exposed in the public market like slaves for sale under the scrutiny of every wandering eye. Such things are not intended for the generality of mankind.

These people who must apply their own peculiar ethical values to something which stands or falls on its aesthetic merits! It is like calling a surveyor to drink your beer or a brewster to mark out your boundaries. I never heard tell of a perch of porter or a pint of prairie. Would you ask your cook what Coryza might be or the family doctor whether Worcester sauce is best beaten to a stiff cream? The moralist in artistic matters is either a Pluto or a Puritan, neither of whom are accepted as serious critics in the worldly art.

But I am forgetting that I headed this essay "Segregation." There are in Edward Street two shop-windows side by side. What is within the shop I can only surmise. The windows are crowded with models, from rosy bambinos to the modern descendants of Hermes or Proxitiles and Venus de Milo, and, like the ancient classics, many of them lack an odd limb or are decently truncated. Further comparison would be odious. But if you pass by that way you will observe a most remarkable example of Christian tact. As with the dressing sheds on Main Beach, the ladies are confined exclusively to the left, while the right is just as scrupulously "gents only." And as the crowds flock past with that true Christian tilt of the chin which precludes any suspicion of personal corruption, one notices also a narrow white in the eye which shows that they know their neighbours are no better than they thought they were. Give me an ounce of Civet good apothecary!

W.R.P.

# Quot Homines . . .

PART I. — LAST MONTH.

We were dancing in that silence which indicates that the male is about to say something more or less momentous. This particular male was just about my height, so that I could observe his face easily. It showed all the symptoms of earnest preparation for concentrated effort, and at last he gasped: "How are you going home to-night?"

"Alas!" thought I, "how mundane!" Aloud I said, with a nasty motive of wanting to see how he would shape, "I don't really know," and I smiled so sweetly at the poor fish. In the end I said I'd go with him.

Out we went to his car—all that a girl could wish for; but I didn't feel a bit bucked about it. I remember being conscious that the air was cold, and feeling glad that the car was a sedan. We got in, and I opened the door myself, and sat no closer to him than I had to. He drove with his right hand, and put his left across my shoulders, drawing me closer to him. He wasn't tall enough, and I was uncomfortable, and wished we'd soon get home. I didn't speak, and it seemed as if he couldn't, so we just sat. "Hec!" I thought, "wasn't I a goat to come with him!"

The car stopped outside the house, but he didn't let me go. I sighed mentally and hoped he'd hurry up and get it over. I wanted badly to get to bed. After about five minutes, in which I heard him gulp, as if to muster up his courage, he asked me to kiss him good-night, and rather than argue about it—for I was cold—I presented my cheek; I looked at my watch. "It's half-past two," I said; "thank you for bringing me home. Good-night. Will you let me out now?" And that was that.

## PART II. — LAST NIGHT.

He was tall, so that, if I wanted to see his face, I had to look up, and each time I did, his eyes crinkled down at me and I felt as if I had no hands or feet, but only a peculiar apparatus inside me which was in a constant state of agitation. We were talking some kind of inspired nonsense, but it wasn't important what we said. I knew that he was feeling the same airiness, or elation, or partial non-existence, or temporary disintegration as I was, call it what you will.

When we reached the door we stopped dancing and went out, as if by arrangement, though nothing had been said. His car is a decrepit old two-seater, but I wasn't thinking about it—in fact, I don't recall what I was thinking. He opened the door for me, and I got in. My fingers tingled, and I laughed. So did he. He walked round the car, and got in the other side. We sat and looked at each other in the moonlight for one or two seconds, and I could see the shine in his eyes, and the sheen of the silk of his tie. Then, of my own volition, I moved along the seat, and he gently moved my head down onto his shoulder. It seemed to fit there, and I had no desire to shift it. I felt his cheek against my forehead, and touched it with my hand. I said: "I can't feel your heart beating," as if it was a matter of tremendous importance. So we found his heart, and then we found mine. "Aren't we a pair of goats?" he said, and we both laughed.

He started the car and brought me home, and we both got out at the gate. "Good-night," he said, his hands on my shoulders. I looked up into his face, and it looked just as mine felt, grave, but sort of light. His arms came strong about me, and I pressed close against him. We said good-night again, laughed in a queer way, then he ruffled my hair up, and I pulled his tie undone, and he was gone. I haven't the faintest idea what time it was.

D. M. ANDERSEN.

# Translations from the Latin

THE RICH HEIRESS (Martial I., 10).

Pamelus would Priscilla wed.
With gifts and prayers his suit is plied;
He never slackens off.
What! is she such a lovely one?—
There is no uglier 'neath the sun.
What then attracts? Her cough.

* * *

Martial XIII. 92.

She calls you vicious, Zella dear? She lies.
Vicious you are not, Zella dear. You're Vice.

* * *

Martial IX. 56.

The doctor stole
A gold wine bowl
And caught red-handed said:
"My taking this
A service is;
Keep drinking, and you're dead."

* * *

Catullus XLIX.
TO MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Most learned of the sons of Rome
That are or were or shall yet come,
The greatest thanks are rendered thee
By the worst of all her poets—me,
Catullus; worst in that degree
By which thou art of patrons best,
O orator towering o'er the rest!

### Catullus LXX.

None other would she rather wed
Than me—so has my mistress said;
    No wooing Jove would be more to her mind.
So has she said. I'll not reprove her.
What a woman says to an eager lover
    Is writ on flowing water and the wind.

MARTIN HALEY.

## Sic Itur ad Astra

Parents when a son is born
    Hope 'twill prove inteligent.
    I ,through being intelligent,
Having wrecked my life, and worn
    Beggar's rags in discontent,
Hope the babe will prove to be
A paragon of stupidity.
    Wedded to some witless wife.
    Then he'll lead a happy life,
Crowning last his rich success
As governor of a bank—no less.

MARTIN HALEY.

# Apologia

Memory rising like mist from the bamboo tree in the hollow
Shapes in the sky spread wings of the schooner's flying,
In the black water under wharves leaving the river sorrow
Blotted and foul with profit, the menace of stacks and girders,
Leaving the dredge's bitter fume to roll on the river
Till the steady rush of her forefoot down the tide
Drew an arrow out to the sunrise, in the lift and pull
Of the swell, out past the early scent of woodsmoke
And the final island bell.

For me she sailed out of the reach of Time, as out
Of the ring of a bell, escaped into my private dream,
The land within the hollow wave, the lost land
Of the young asleep in a swaying sea to the sound of doves
And a wind among boughs hung with the pleasant fires of spring
A refuge from the rancour of black iron or any grief
A shield against the brittle armoury of kings
The eyes of the slain not barbing my heart their cries
Not heard there
The voices in the air
Only doves prophesying summer
And slow sea noises lapping the ear.

But when September sharpened the bamboo leaves into bayonets
And the deadly spring set a crop of skulls among the grass-roots,
The croton's dapples became camouflage, and the weeping fig
Trailed scarves of green in vain for a sign of peace;
The sky falling under a swift increase of moving thunder
Forced eyes and ears to acknowledge evil, the scent
Of blood in the wind convinced my senses, made me see
The figure of war clothed parti-coloured like a fool
In every national flag, greed in his cap for a badge
And rich men running after to warm their rattling hearts
Against his flesh; the matter of his brain is gold

And now they call him in to prop the rotting palaces
Coining money out of death for a bankrupt time;
And mad with pride hang medals on his ribs and cry to us
    Travel with the moon, pay visits to the Pleiades,
    He'll meet you there at furthest point of your mind's reach
    He is acquainted with air, water and fire, master of each.

This nightmare's power is in ubiquity; no white sail
Or sleepy surf can keep it off, we have to make
Our gesture of remorse toward the too-soon slain
So still keep back our hands from murder come in fashion,
Refuse the salute to war's tail-piece of his trouser leg
Know it for action as Becket did, certain in our hearts
Buds burgeon, and shooting seeds in season for evidence
Of the ever-recurring rhythm of vernal green, that still
Beneath the moon the fig-tree and the bamboo cover lovers
And on the sand forever the sound of the sea.

DONALD MACFARLANE.

# Villanelle

Echoes above the hill the circling wind's faint chime
Come with the season now to mark the empty days.
What heart can still its beating at remembered Time?

I cannot magic on the grass the limbs' design
And where a voice should hold the air to still amaze
Echoes above the hill the circling wind's faint chime.

The leaping fire between our fingers was no crime
But this, with green grass and the rushing birds, Time slays.
What heart can still its beating at remembered time?

Time slays the mutual fire, but leaves its pain to climb
The silent hill; over the fading grass and days
Echoes above the hill the circling wind's faint chime:
What heart can still its beating at remembered time?

DONALD MACFARLANE.

# "Men Must Work . . . ."

Bill, aged nine, and "young Tony" were stepping high among the grasses of the heat-drowsy yard. Finch's wood-yard, it was called, though no one had any use for it now but children. It was strewn with timber and iron and all manner of scrap, and buried in it were bits of porcelain richly coloured, often showing mystifying fragments of pictures and scenes.

Once an old guilded clock had been found there. The children took it home and cleaned it and anointed it with dripping. It would not go; that is to say, its hands refused to move round the face keeping pace with the sun. However, if you wound the left hand key, and then moved the hands around with your finger, it would play "The Bluebells of Scotland" with the shrill chiming of a musical box. It would play an instalment at each quarter, and the whole length of the melody at the hour. On the back of it was inscribed: "To John and Mary, wishing them every happiness, and a long and prosperous life together. From Tom."

And there were old drays and wheels and rusty axles in the yard.

One dray there had a sort of a trap door under the driver's box, where last year "young Tony" had found a few scraps of paper which turned out to be love letters.

Big brother Harry used to read them aloud every day on the way home from school. His little audience always came there determined to be delighted, so that Harry could read only a few words at a time between the howls of laughter.

"Young Tony" never laughed though, except when someone looked at him. He just stood there blinking his lids over

his solemn eyes. He was too young; besides he was not much given to laughter.

To-day, however, there was no thought of old clocks or curious china or secret notes.

The two children were walking resolutely to the little hollow which caught the greyish water from the baths and laundries of the houses further up the hill. When they reached it and their feet began to sink into the soft soil, Bill swung the great pick off his shoulder and young Tony unsteadily lowered his great shovel to the ground.

"Come on," said Bill, "get goin'," and they fell to, digging and shovelling the earth.

Lou and Bub were sitting on the wood pile looking on despondently. Every now and then they would whisper to each other's ears, never moving their eyes off the two toilers.

Suddenly young Tony paused. "Ooo look!" he said, "a diamond!" Bill turned on him pityingly, and roughly beat the fragment of glass out of his brother's hand. "Diamonds nothin'!" he said, "a man don't find diamonds on our job. Get on with it now." And he fell to again digging, every now and then spitting savagely out of the corner of his mouth.

Lou and Bub had been whispering to each other more and more earnestly, casting glances of envy and timidity and rebellion towards Bill and Tony.

At length Lou plucked up courage and shouted out, "Tony!"

"What?" said Tony, not daring to pause or look up.

" 'Ere," said Lou, gaining confidence, "come 'ere."

"Can't," said Tony, "busy!"

At last Tony made up his mind, and said gruffly, "Ay, Bill, 'ow about a smoke-oh, eh?"

"O.K. then, O.K.," said Bill. He sat down on an oil drum, struck a match and began to smoke his stubb of lawyer cane.

Young Tony walked over to see what Lou and Bub wanted. He knew what it would be. When they had done whispering to him, he looked scared and glanced towards Bill, who was proudly ignoring everything.

"Go on an' tell 'im," said Lou, pushing him. "Go on now, ask 'im."

Tony walked over to Bill, scared to death. He paused in front of him and began trying to whistle. Bill didn't notice

him. He coughed once or twice. "Ay, Bill," he said, "Lou and Bub wants to . . . ." He stooped down and murmured the rest in his brother's ear. "You see," he said, straightening up, "they wants to be the same as what you and me are."

"Relief workers!" yelled Bill in derision. Then turning ferociously towards the wood pile, "You's can't be relief workers. Women a godda stay at bloody home." "Come on!" to Tony, "on with it now!"

Lou just sighed and said, "Aw, it's no damn good," but little Bub began to howl.

R. A. BEVEN.

# Translation from Henri de Regnier

It was enough, my slender reed
To send a tremor through the grass for me,
Through all the field
And the fine leaves
Of willows, till the stream returned the sound.
It was enough, my little reed
To make the forest sing for me.

And those who pass have heard the sound
At depth of evening in their thoughts,
Heard it in stillness and the wind,
Distinct or dim,
Distant or near——

And those who pass me in their thoughts,
Listening shall hear it in the deep
Recesses of their minds, and hear it now
Echoing still.

It was enough that I with my slim reed
Cut by the fountain where love came
To gaze at his reflected face,
His face so grave,
Shedding its tears,
Should make men weep who pass me by,
Trouble the stillness of the stream
And send a tremor through the grass,
And with my breath across the reed,
Make all the forest sing.

R. A. BEVEN.

# Impressions of a French University

(Written before the War.)

If you want to go to a French University, unless you are of those students whom nothing would distract from the path of learning, I should not advise the Sorbonne, but a provincial University; it would certainly be as good from the point of view of the instruction given, and so much better from that of study.

For the Paris University is not an isolated field, far from all entertainments; on the contrary, the Sorbonne, called after its founder, Robert de Sorbonne, is situated in the heart of the city, near the Boulevard St. Michel (the students call it the "Boul' Mich' "), which offers its cafes besieged from morning till— morning by swarms of students. At one end of it is the old island of the Cite, with Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, jewels of Gothic architecture; going up it you come to the Luxembourg Garden, called familiarly "Lucal," where students meet after lectures, and sometimes during the lectures, if they happen not to think much of the professor.

The Sorbonne has no residential colleges. There is, on the outskirts of the city, that is, very far from the Sorbonne, about twenty minutes in bus (cobbles nearly all the way), the Cite Universitaire, which is rather recent. This consists of a group of student hostels. It is the nearest approach to the English idea of colleges as in Oxford, but they are merely residential and no tutorials are given. They accommodate only a very small proportion of the students, mostly foreign. Various nations have one each, generally built in the architecture peculiar to that country. The Japanese is very picturesque.

Such a contrast with the Sorbonne itself, which is nineteenth century, except the Chapel, which dates from Richelieu, and the square of white stones in the pavement of the courtyard. These stones indicate the site of the old thirteenth century college. This reminds of the Sorbonnards, very intolerant theologians,

whose authority was undisputed and who sent so many people to the stake. They were always quarrelling with their neighbours, the Lecteurs Royaux, members of the Trilingual Academy (Latin, Greek, Hebrew), to-day College de France.

All degrees, even the highest, are given by the University, while in the College de France, over the road, free instruction is given in research work in all the higher branches of learning. Bergson gave his lectures there; and, if he were still teaching, maybe you would see him, for all round about, and especially in the corridors of the Sorbonne, all the famous professors of the day are to be seen; but take care, often these white-bearded men are only students.

Everybody has an intellectual look which distinguishes them everywhere, as they walk past with a preoccupied look, or as they linger to talk, or as they stop to argue, in fact, as they vestibularise. One who watches them has an impression of strength, knowledge, and intense intellectual life.

Let us look at them: that one with his little bow-tie, his glasses and his portfolio, looks like a law student, rather poor, and doubtless he has to struggle for a livelihood; he lives in an attic and makes you feel that every second's delay is a waste of time.

Another one, speaking brilliantly in a ring of listening friends, or friendly listeners, shows from his well-cut garments that he lives in easy circumstances, probably with his family, and has not to bother about money matters. Perhaps he does not listen to the professor as attentively as he likes others to listen to him.

But what is this language we can hear; it is not a Latin language, it is not a Teutonic language; it sounds rather Slav, but, from their appearance, perhaps they are Poles. That was a Polish student who said to me the other day: "It is not true, is it, that an Englishman shaves every day?"

Someone else, well-dressed, but so serious-looking, passing hurriedly, must be a provincial, a little astonished by all this tumult, but not expressing it. But he is soon hailed and joins a group who are enthusiastically discussing with gestures of

hands, backs, heads, and you can be sure that it is not about the merits of this professor or that, but, no, listen, Blum, Daladier, de la Rocque—it's politics. Students here have no political club, or club of any sort; when they have, the students won't demean themselves to attend the meetings. But this does not mean that they are not interested in politics; on the contrary, it is a part of their life, and has always been. Some time ago there was a general strike of the students.

M. Yeze, professor and examiner in the Faculty of Law, very hard to please and so not too popular, was the counsel of Haille Sellassie in the League of Nations, and he spoke in a way which did not please the majority of the students. So they decided to strike and demonstrate. The staff of the Sorbonne was very worried. On the fatal Friday of the strike all the Sorbonne was closed except the inner courtyard, and dozens of policemen were standing at every door, as if those monumental doors could have been broken open! Police cars were not far away. At nine o'clock the students began to come into the quadrangle and to shout: "Down with Yeze." My work took me into an upper room, where we could hear all that was going on downstairs, but unfortunately could not see. The classes I was attending, which involved mostly foreign students, and the classes in "Civilisation Francaise" were continued by agreement with those of the students who wished to, for we were running late in our work and the Sorbonne staff did not know how long the strike would last. So there were about sixty students who had their special cards of admission inspected at a side door by policemen and the concierge. Unfortunately it was raining and soon the demonstrators were dispersed. However, there were some riots in the Medical School and, according to the papers, one student was injured by the police.

Although the general strike was abandoned, the law students would not hear of M. Yeze. At first they all came and ragged him with caterwauling and stinking bombs, bringing his lecture to an end by shouting him down; even the appearance of the Recteur did not quell them and the police had to protect M. Yeze's departure. The following day he came, escorted by the police, but there was such a rumpus every time that the University decided that he would teach in another hall outside the law-school buildings. Then the agitation abated. For a long

time seven students only attended his classes; this number is certain, being the only point on which all the newspapers agreed. Anyhow, the lectures were practically discontinued for the rest of that year, for the Recteur would not suspend M. Yeze's classes, and the students would not come. This boycotting is very typical of the French youth. No authority can stop it.

This hostility towards professors is, however, rare. Generally professors and students are on friendly terms. Professors keep open house; every Sunday crowds of students throng round their favourite professor, and there they talk with him, gossip, discuss, and drink. For the French are still great talkers, and this, besides, is a result of the training they receive.

A part of a student's work consists in preparing and actually giving the lessons from the professorial chair. All the others, including the professor, take notes and criticise. And so results the serious academic outlook. Solid foundation of facts, strict logic, and clear exposition are demanded, not superficial brilliancy. British anecdotal speeches are a source of astonishment to the French mind. So I apologise if this is too academic, but I have been brought up in this school.

# Celluloid Card---Awakening

One day I said to a friend of mine (a man who is a well-known worker in modern biological research): "What is the aim of life?"

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, then said quite bluntly: "The aim of life is to live."

At that time I scarcely believed him. You see, I persisted in putting things like art, culture, religion, first.

Living seemed a bare, gross affair, a very paltry means indeed to the end of all my good ideals.

. . . . . .

Then the War came—again. I remembered that ten million living people were killed, and over twenty million wounded, in the last war.

In the Crisis years of the early 1930's, wheat and foodstuffs, the sustenance of human life, had been burnt. This was a vain attempt to stabilise a thoroughly irrational economic system. And now, the bodies of human beings are being burnt.

Women's wine—the tears of a strong man's sobs!

. . . . . .

I begin to see that human life deprived of a rational environment is not life at all. It is not even existence. Of course, now I recollect it, this is only what elementary biology has told me all along. But why should science be divorced from the current of social reality like this? Man in the past has grappled with, and solved, a great mass of problems in natural science. Man solved them by scientific thinking—that is, materialistic thinking.

Yet he tries to solve his social problems, his vital problems, by appealing to eternal values—by becoming obsessed with "pure" ideals as I had. He does not treat social facts as they are, to be scientifically re-oriented.

. . . . . .

This means there are no real grounds for the dolorous and despondent idea so prevalent nowadays—that science has conquered the external world and been found wanting, that man's intellectual advance is ended.

Prehistory has not ended, history has not yet begun for man—his methodological conquest of nature is only a prelude and a feeble indication of what, some day, he will apply to society. By rational planning of society, he will ensure real democracy, ensure that the findings of science will not be distorted, and used unscrupulously. He will make of the world a happy free association of human beings, unkindled to artificial enmity by economic competition. And, after all, real economic democracy will only obey that long-standing general law of nature; that, like osmosis, everything tends to migrate from where it is abundant to where it is scarce, provided features of the environment permit.

. . . . . .

But all good intentions need political power—so man must next study social science. Here he is yet on the threshold.

Does man wish to return, as it were, to the physical level of the protozoan, discarding the transcendant potential control of the forces of spontaneity in man and nature, that Mind gives him?

Or does he, like good John Steinbeck, believe in the despotism of human life and happiness, against the liberty of money and misused possessions?

L.J.W.

# The Great Mother

It was yesterday. Our ears were full of its music and of the silence that welled about it, preserving in a frame for our memory each separate beautiful thing.

Yesterday was a rising wind, refreshing, vast and full of wonderment. It glowed as softly as the gnomish light in a leafy, rain-wet garden, and it was woven through with laughter. We could smell it, too, like spicy wood-smoke rising from a cool valley of peace.

Now it is to-day—a perilous road, full of turnings and encompassed by clouds of war. Overnight, we grew up suddenly, bitterly, dazzled in our waking moments by the bright face of danger.

In the light of this new morning our world has changed. There are tears on our pillow and all our music is in a minor key. The Hans Andersen of our childhood has lost its enchantment and we see it now as the outpourings of a cynic encased in a sugar-shell of fantasy.

Our silences are full of disquieting thought—thought of our future, and, with pity, of the future of children, who, in many lands, are born without happiness, hunted, bewildered.

Into whose hand may we place our own for confidence to go forward to a place where our children may find laughter again?

If we lift our eyes above the chaos, they must dwell upon One who lived in a far yesterday whose vision has shone steadily softly as a candle-flame through all the Ages.

Her Son was born in a stable.

JOAN DINNING.

## A Glimpse

A moment's gladness is to me
A star that flashes through the heavens
And leaves the darkness deeper than before.
But, for its fleet brilliance I would give
A thousand years of dark.
For, by its swift light I see
The world as I would have it be
For every man upon this nighted earth;
Not one of sightless groping, but a life
Of joyous peace and happy sweet content
That makes old Time himself halt in his pace
And watch with envious eyes.

G.G.

## The Queen's Behest

Loitering long by a lazy shore,
Blue sky for ceiling, blue sea for shore,
Attuned to the ocean's perpetual roar,
A white ship lies at rest.

Whence she cometh or whither she goes
From steamy tropics to Arctic snows,
Nothing about her ever shows—
Her name, "The Queen's Behest."

Coming and going as though possessed
By some deathless spirit of vague unrest,
She still pursues her endless quest,
Her goal to us unknown.

Lingers she ever by Sweden's coast?
Knows she the coral-surrounded host
Of islands that seas of the south can boast,
Or the land of the King on his throne?

Silent the sailors who from her crew,
Mate and bosun and captain, too,
Their cheeks are tanned and their eyes are blue,
Their hands are firm and strong.

To-night the moon makes mystery in her sails,
The wind about her spars and rigging wails,
Daylight finds her fled, as sinks a song
On one soft note, melodious and long.

DOROTHY M. ANDERSEN.

# Halbach and the Rabbit Man

Teratomata are worse than an atheist's gods.

The Rabbit Man was the nearest a human ever reached to the chained dog's nightmare of long-eared animals tormenting him. With green phosphorescent orbs, ears laid back and prolonged to arcuate cusps, a stutter that showed his ribbed canines in their stark white simplicity, and a nose like Pug the Pom Pup, he jerked through the world, flowers sickening as his stare shot through them.

Halbach noted him one morning, and swung slowly on his rubber heels. "That man has fifty thousand pounds worth of scientific experiment in a three-and-sixpenny body," he said. "His enzymes might be treated—stringing speed for stamina." I hastily tried to work his last remark out, but at this stage in his career Halbach had studied Donne's poems so carefully that half his statements were utterly unintelligible.

Nevertheless, his brilliance as a surgeon was quite unquestioned, though why all his patients signally failed to die no-one ever knew. But he carried his charm with him—the charm of the dissecting room. Neatness, accuracy, delicacy, were all his —when he felt the need of them. Yet he could be as messy as a football field in black soil country. A halo would have suited his ascetic face—a brick would have suited it better.

Three weeks later, the Rabbit Man was dying. Halbach was ill at the time, but on being asked to operate (almost post mortem) agreed. A thin sliver of grey light flickered along his knife as the ghoulish work commenced. For the body, though alive, was grey; the room was grey; the clouds outside were grey; only Halbach's face cast its yellow-white luminosity on the luminous eyes of the patient.

Halbach incised with the glimmering knife. The fiendish steel sank through inches of surface, and Halbach tossed the knife aside. Blood spurted from a thousand wounds. As I leapt

to clip them, Halbach's deep hand restrained me. Over the swelling lake he rubbed a fine blue powder. Then unhurriedly he clipped the arteries. A glorious sunset effect followed, and the patient stopped breathing.

I made my usual abortive attempt forwards. Halbach placed one finger on my sternum, another on his lip, then crying

"Endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion"

closed both his eyes, twirled on one toe and one finger, and plunged the knife to the Rabbit Man's heart. He convulsed, vomited, and as Halbach swung his needle delicately through the tissues, sat up amidst a welter of blood and vomitus.

I placed a firmly rounded tail upon his low-slung forehead, and he sank back into the pillows. Meanwhile, Halbach was happily grafting and removing skin of all stages, from the rare delicately striated hairless areas to yellow, blue or black gangrene with its scent—eau de Cologne three times daily, baths twenty-four hours a day, and the sickening nausea which it rotates up and down your stomach and oesophagus passes to a light intoxicated state whence death would come only as a welcome release instead of a basic necessity of life.

Once Halbach has finished his more ingenious sections of operation, there is always an infinite quantity of work to be done in cleaning up the mess. So there was no opportunity of asking Halbach what his artistry had achieved, and how. Anyway, it was never any use. The only answer was always: "He taught me," and a long white hand would tap the volume of Donne in his pocket. For Halbach always maintained that Donne was the greatest surgeon of all, and that in his poems lay the key to all mysteries connected with the retention of the impalpable ego.

The Rabbit Man, like all Halbach's patients, survived. But Halbach had surpassed himself, for the Rabbit Man was transformed externally into a reasonably respectable human being. His nose would never look better than an elephant's trunk, and his eyes remained green and strangely luminous, but gone was that characteristic expression that had made him famous.

Little children fled from him still, and flowers died where he walked. But the Rabbit Man hated Halbach with a venomous hatred. For though Halbach had saved his life, and altered his internal secretions, and modified his exophthalmic expression, he had rendered him impotent.

Previously, all women had fled from him, from the prospect of intermittent embrace in those incompetent arms; but now, when he found himself famous overnight by Halbach's genius, with an assured post as lecturer and demonstrator in Mammalagy, and with opportunities for passion which he had never before experienced, to find himself still a rabbit was an appalling experience. And when even Halbach admitted that nothing satisfactory could be done, he was furious. Naturally, as Halbach was his chief benefactor, he hated him most, and desired to make him suffer equal agony.

Halbach's ruling passion was Donne. The Rabbit Man devised, in all, twenty-three plans for eliminating this essence of Halbach's being. The nearest he ever reached to success was the occasion on which he read the poem containing the line (and some worse ones)

"And we said nothing, all the day"

to the Censor, who immediately banned the book. Halbach was nearly imprisoned on his refusal to abide by the Censor's dictates, but fortunately at this crucial juncture—for if Halbach had been imprisoned without Donne he would have become first a damp spectre, then a small and useless weed, and would never have recovered his sanity—the Censor's daughter became ill, and Halbach was required to operate. The Censor removed the ban next day, since Halbach threatened otherwise to reveal some of the statements his daughter had made under the anaesthetic.

Despite the fact that Halbach in his extensive operation had utterly changed the internal secretions of the Rabbit Man, there still seemed traces of his ego left. Never in the months we were associated with him did I ever know him fall in love, in the delicate sense of the word. Love to him was a riot of passion, a purple plan of effervescent colour. Of the steadfast sweetness of mutual understanding and co-operation he never appreciated a single shade.

The visit of a noted medico to Halbach for a ticklish operation gave the Rabbit Man his opportunity of ruining Halbach. For several of us were to be present, to appreciate Halbach's special technique. Should he satisfy his critics present, they would probably attempt to incorporate his technique in their own operations.

The Rabbit Man used snake venom—three drops of concentrated stuff to the ounce, guaranteed to withstand boiling. For all the good it would do to the patient, we might just as well not have sterilised those instruments.

The Rabbit Man was no fool, and he knew how long he had to live if we caught him after the operation. But as he was riding down the avenue on his motor-bike his back tyre shuddered. He had run over the thorn of a withered flower. With a helpless squeal, he and the bike were precipitated into the gatepost. He received a fractured skull, the bike a fractured collar-bone.

It would have been only poetic justice if Halbach had had to operate on him with the same instruments he had prepared for the doctor, but unfortunately Halbach did not know—he wouldn't have done it if he had; he had a very strict regard for the nice points of (medical) ethics.

So the operation on the doctor took place on the due occasion, while the Rabbit Man was lying, practically dead, in a distant ward. Halbach and I had visited him, but he was beyond human help.

Halbach grasped his scalpel, and incised the skin. Immediately he realised all was not well. But the snake poison had not yet started acting, it was an unsuspected cancerous growth which threatened the doctor's life urgently. With steadfast hand, and surging brain, Halbach removed the cancer. By this time the snake venom was taking effect. The blood was clotting in red weals and circles inside the vessels. I gave an involuntary groan—just one. The doctor had been a charming personality, and yet at the outside he had twenty minutes to live. It seemed unjust when politicians and gardeners live to be eighty.

But Halbach stood only an instant, and murmured: "I used the last blue powder on the Rabbit Man. . . . 'Our two souls therefore which are one,'" and moved rapidly through the door which obediently followed him quietly till it closed.

A moment more, and he returned with several quarts of blood.

"The Rabbit Man needs blood no more,
His soul in spasms erratic shall soar"

he misquoted badly as he poured his patent elixir into the doctor's veins. It is, I think, the one time I remember him doing so—at least it is an indication that the man who could write

"The stars are spotted raindrops hung to dry"

or, more involved,

"The waving roofs elucidate the heavens"

was nevertheless capable of human emotion.

It was a profoundly sticky job persuading the doctor to live again, but under Halbach's magic hand he revived. Undeniably that cancer removal would have caused impossible haemorrhage had it not been for the coagulant properties of the snake venom, so it is comforting to know that the Rabbit Man succeeded in his plan of unnerving Halbach, although he himself, and not the doctor, died to do so. For Halbach has never removed a malignant cancer since, though in all branches of surgery he was the unquestioned master. But his blue powder was obtained, I fancy, from the Rabbit Man' originally; and so our celebrated doctor is now practising with a substance in his veins which would be worth thousands of pounds to the medical profession, but which much remain in safe keeping till he dies!

H.H.H.H.

# Ars Poetica

A recent writer has ventured the dictum: "Art in poetry, though essential, is the secondary thing. Feeling is the first thing, and feeling, dominating art, gives the form." Perhaps "ventured" is not the right word in that connection, for I suppose the thought has been frequently uttered before, and by men of authority. Byron, for example, has something of the same tenor in "The Prophecy of Dante," one of the finest pieces, if not the very finest piece of terza rima in the language.

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and, perchance, the best:
They felt and loved and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
The good within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blessed.

. . . . . And thus all they
Whose intellect is an overmastering power
Which still recoils from its encumbering clay
And lightens it to spirit, whatso'er
The form which their creations may essay,
Are bards."

But I think this approach to the subject is not sound, for the simple reason that poetry is an art, and the poet is a man who practices that art. If a man has not written a poem, how can he be considered a poet? It is not maintained, of course, that poets are better men than others, or that they feel deeper or see more truly: there have been saints, prophets and philosophers to surpass them in feeling and in truth. These remained saints, prophets and philosophers and did not, as a rule, become poets as well. The poet is different, not better; he is a specialist in the use of language. Had intellects of overmastering power, creating beauty in other ways, devoted their energies to the art of poetry, no doubt they would have become great poets; but if they didn't so devote themselves, they are not, in the view

I am urging, bards at all. Is it necessary to call Titian and Botticelli poets? What would the painters say of us if we, announcing, "Art in painting, though essential, is the secondary thing: feeling is the first thing, and feeling dominating art gives the picture," were forthwith to class ourselves as painters because of a capacity which we in common with all men have, the capacity to feel deeply? These considerations are more clearly against Byron than against the writer whose dictum I began with, to whom I must now return. I think he errs rather in putting Art into a secondary place, and in the exaltation of feeling, which after all is but one of the functions of the originating soul of man. When Tennyson wrote:

> "The old order changeth yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
> Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
> I have lived my life, and that which I have done
> May He within Himself make pure . . . "

—which is very good poetry, I presume—what "feeling" was in his soul? Was he not rather thinking with all his soul's powers? Was he not thinking and writing at the same time, his writing of poetry being determined by his training in the art of poetry; his writing of poetry influencing his thinking of poetry? That is, while in poetry a certain primacy must be conceded to thought or, if you like, inspiration, yet poetry exists only by an intimate union of art and thought. The thought does not exist as poetry till incarnate in certain proper words. Like each human being, Poetry, too, is a Body-Soul, an inseparable unity. For just as no one is entirely human without being a Body and Soul, so Poetry is Art and Thought; Art-Thought, inseparable in concrete, objective reality.

To return once more to the original quotation, if feeling dominating art gives the poetic form, it has to be explained why deeply moving, deeply felt prose passages are not poetry. There was a fine old Socialist in America, Gene Debs, who had as tender a heart as could be wished, who possessed within himself whole oceans of feeling. This he expressed in such characteristic passages as:

"Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers are they, with souls in them, these children; and if on earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity.

"Yet how many of them are prematurely plucked, fade and die, and are trampled in the mire? Many millions are stolen from the cradle and snatched from their play . . . .

"Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and of the community, yet our capitalist civilisation sacrifices it ruthlessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power; its path is stained with the blood of children and paved with the puny bones of little children.

"These have not died in vain. From their little martyr graves all over this fair land shall spring avenging angels, wreaking vengeance upon the system that murdered them, pronouncing upon it, in the name of God and humanity, the condemnation of death."

Now I submit that, if feeling is the first thing and if feeling dominates art and gives it form, this ought to take high rank as poetry, or at least poetical prose. As a matter of fact, it is not to be compared with even good work-a-day prose, and what is wrong with it is precisely its feeling and its art. Its feeling, though intense and doubtlessly sincere for Debs himself, is for a practised reader undisciplined and mawkish. It is a raging bush-fire, out of hand, and control, when fire should be controlled to effective ends. Its art is defective since the passage fails of its purpose through hyperbole and an attitudinising that the good Debs was unconscious of. The whole passage betrays not an unfeeling heart but an untrained hand.

Feeling is not the whole soul of any man: of itself it is insufficient for any prolonged, arduous and worth-while accomplishment. And even where poetry is concerned, it is rash to assert that feeling is the first thing. For there are passages such as that of Tennyson quoted above which impress us with a sense of grandeur, but which do not arise from feeling as from an origin. What underlies them is something more profound and ultimate than feeling alone: it is thought, contemplation, meditation—all the powers of Man's soul in a subtle harmony.

MARTIN HALEY.

# Art for All

Even at the best of times, art must seem to many little more than a harmless pastime with results that range from rather pleasant pictures to startling daubs, while to a great proportion of the population art plays no conscious part at all. And so at a moment when the whole world is plunged in gloom and terror, to devote time to a discussion of art may well seem to have an intolerable aspect of frivolity, on the same plane as Nero's fiddling while Rome burned. And yet this reason, the awful situation in which we find ourselves, makes it more urgent to consider such things, for only by affirming and strengthening the powers that work for peace can fear of war ever be lifted again, and art is one of these powers.

There is at present, as well as a general indifference to art, a lack of understanding between the public and its artists which is a serious loss to both. The artist, bewildered and resentful, finds his profession belittled and his very existence deemed unnecessary. The public, on the other hand, blames the artist for not producing works to its taste, and is perplexed and annoyed when something new and disturbing assaults the eye instead of the usual aspect of pictures.

To understand the position one must first realise that art is an integral part of life, and what affects life must affect art. Nowadays when every mode of life is in a flux and long-accepted values are being questioned and new experiments made in every sphere of thought, it is not inevitable that art should be stirred in the same way? For art is not something separate from us, a product of our hands, but is one of our languages; in fact, it is the only international language—a language which knows no barrier of place or time, and by which spirit speaks to spirit and century to century, so that it is possible, for instance, for an Australian to feel closer understanding while gazing at an Italian or Spanish picture than while talking to his next-door neighbour, or for modern man to feel akin to men who lived perhaps 3,000

years ago, and through their rock paintings to know something of their thoughts and feelings.

If art, then, is a language, must it not express pictorially the tremendous change in ideas that is altering the context of the world to-day, and must not the search for new truths and fresh valuations find new expression in it, however jarring and discordant the result to our unaccustomed eyes?

Jarring and discordant! How often one hears these words bitterly applied to modern art and music. But if we look at the world at large we find that this violence and discord is not a mere aberration by artists in search of novelty, but a result of world conditions, a ground swell of the emotions; and while millions are engaged in hideous strife, can we logically complain if the familiar harmonies in art are also gone?

The indifference of the public to art no less than the violent colours and harsh shapes used by the artist is the result of the over emphasis in life, of mechanical and scientific powers and the neglect of the development of man's full capacities. An unbalanced civilisation has followed, causing the impoverishment of an important part of man's nature. The craving for stimulants to offset this brings about maladjustments to life, and art cannot fail to be affected thereby. These conditions and their consequences which finally led to war are clearly shown in Lewis Mumford's book, "Technics and Civilisation," from which in the next three paragraphs I have freely drawn.

Ruskin ere this had raised his voice in warning, but it is only during this century that the awakening has fully come. The world now is becoming increasingly conscious of the hard conditions often imposed by industry, the heaviness of its toil, its hideous surroundings, its monotony, its lack of freedom, and also of the fact that the life of human beings is becoming more and more mechanical. Existence in every phase is becoming more channelled, regimented and uniform. Consequently an increasing demand arises for stimulation and excitement as an escape from a life that calls for little but acquiescence and conformity. Here in Australia, where even in industrialised areas we have easy access to sun, air and open spaces, the problem is not so acute as in congested cities in older lands; yet even here, from eight in the morning until six at night the tick of the clock directs the movements of half the population. Man has been

too much occupied in watching the wheels go round to notice much where they are taking him, and in the development of the machine we have called forth a power that threatens to enslave rather than to serve civilisation. The machine is becoming a god, making man in its own image, for as the machines grow ever more human in their uncanny powers man becomes more automatic, less of a man and more of a machine.

The increasing monotony and regimentation of life causes life to demand compensation more and more violently, seeking in an artificial and vicarious way what has been denied naturally and personally. The cinema, with its splendours, its excitements, its intensified life, provides in an exaggerated and unhealthy form the colour, interest and hazard that our lives demand. Games are another form of compensation, but instead of playing them people watch them. Sport now is an organised spectacle attended with ever greater risks to satisfy the demand for thrills, instead of being a personal experience. Whereas the enjoyments of the arts, which could be the most deeply satisfying compensation of all, by which our emotional and creative powers would secure exercise and release, finds stunted and belated development, if any. For instead of enjoying a limited practice of the arts ourselves from our earliest years, and thus having a foundation of understanding to bring to the study of the great masters and of the work of our contemporary artists, we find ourselves with little more to guide us than a smattering of conventional ideas and a vague notion of what we like, and therefore little prospect of developing a vital interest in what can be an absorbing and infinite delight.

The pioneers, in the hardness of their struggle to subdue nature, had constant calls on their courage, initiative and resource which kept the whole of their physical nature in play, and so they had not the same urge towards artificial compensations. But what of their grandsons in city offices? Or their granddaughters, tapping a typewriter from year's end to year's end, not to mention the workers in the heavier and harder tasks of industry? What could be more deadening than the monotony of such work? The men are mere cogs in the soulless routine of business. The kindergarten, hiking and the amateur theatre all have elements of a healthy response to the urge towards a

closer contact with art and nature which alone can restore the balance to modern life.

Perhaps it is fitting at this point to mention the theory that the frustration of Hitler's artistic gifts forced his pent-up powers to seek other and more dangerous outlets, while on the other hand the misery of the German people made a ready channel for his ideas to permeate the whole nation. So with this terrifying example of how repressed powers plus unhappy conditions can precipitate world catastrophe, dare we treat as a light matter the need for the readjustment of values? In the phrases, "the arts of peace" and "the horrors of war," the association of words is, I think, doubly significant, for not only does peace cause the arts to flourish, but the life enhancing practice of the arts bring peace by extending one's being into another world and so assuaging the troubles of life. Moreover, not only does war cause horrors, but the continuation of unhappy conditions finally brings about war."

By studying life and its conditions, then, we may see its implications in the art of our time. The tendencies of the times, furthermore, may be seen visibly prophesied in art, although, like most prophecies, they can be interpreted only in the light of after events. When the "man in the street" is confronted with a head by Picasso he is horrified; in fact, paintings by any of the moderns he would find puzzling and repellant; but if he looks at such pictures symbolically, not as portraits of persons or places, but portraits in which the violence or some other aspect of our time is suggested, they become more understandable to him. So in the work of the moderns we are shown a record of the dumb longings, the harsh rebellions, the necessary compensations of life to-day, together with the struggle to achieve a meaning and create a new unity from its chaotic elements.

The main tendencies of modern art first appeared in the pictures of Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Cezanne, and the connection of these works with modern conditions is clear. In the work of Van Gogh we find at its greatest intensity a feverish response to life. To him the quality in a tree, of being almost terrifyingly alive and growing, is the most important truth about a tree—it is useless to ask of him a serene Victorian landscape, with trees viewed mreely as part of the furniture of the earth. This

intensity of perception leads him to see in a chair or an old boot more vivid life than most of us can see in a human being. This desire for intenser life we find reproduced in society in a febrile form in jazz music, night clubs, and in the fascinated interest of those stunts where ever greater risks come into play. In Gauguin's decision to share the life of the natives of Tahiti we find the desire to escape to the golden age, to explore the age of childhood and fantasy. Social equivalents to this are the study of psychology and all the back-to-nature cults, nudism, interest in the primitive, etc. In Cezanne we find such search for organic order and such profound studies in the relationships of form and colour as were not understood until after his death and, in fact, are still not fully digested. Einstein is his scientific equivalent.

So if you do not like the ugliness of modern art, and its restlessness, then give the artist a serene and peaceful world in which to live, and art will soon reflect it. If you find the artist's work obscure, clarify the world's problems and art will quickly respond. If you think their pictures crazy, give them a saner world to paint. It hardly comes well in a world so mad that food is destroyed and production limited while millions are starving, to complain of a lack of sanity in the artists. For they can only reflect or react to the conditions as they find them.

Where lies the blame? It is the fault of the age in which we live, plus the unbalanced education we have all received. Since the industrial age began, man has come to mistake scientific and material progress for true development and civilisation. This unequal stress we find again in education, and for this we can blame the limiting idea that it is through books alone that one becomes educated and that passing examinations is more important than developing the whole of the child's capacities. This has kept us, both artists and public, from our birthright—the power to live fully. With the combination of words we are all familiar up to a point; with the combination of sounds and those of shapes and colours, that is, with music and painting, we to a great extent are ignorant, owing to a faulty education. Should not the study of the arts, founded as they are on rhythm and organisation, all underlying principles on life itself, be regarded as more fundamentally necessary in education than other subjects? All through our life our eyes have been trained

to see only intellectually and scientifically, and our ears to supplement them; the language of speech we are trained to use and understand from our earliest infancy, but the means to understand through eye and ear receive practically no training at all, and to live fully this is necessary. We have all been starved of the vitamins of life. Schools, for so long occupied in developing the intellect only, have produced a lopsided individual, one almost entirely unprepared for the enormous increase in leisure that will ensue if we become truly civilised and the machine is used to free man from unnecessary toil—not, be it observed, in order to be idle, but to have opportunity to cultivate other and more joy-giving activities than are found in the office, the shop and the factory.

Through education the orientation of our civilisation could be changed. That it is possible to alter the outlook of a nation by moulding the mentality of the young has been twice proved by Germany; and what can be done to develop one set of ideas can just as easily be done for another; all that is necessary is the vision and the will. "As the twig is bent, so is the bough inclined." Having missed this opportunity for ourselves we cannot possibly realise how much it would mean to the world if every child's capacity for the enjoyment of music and art were fully trained. The aim, of course, is not to turn every child into an artist, but to develop in each child the capacity to enjoy a new world of delight that is free and could be open to us all if our senses were trained as much as our intellects. The enjoyment of art is too often regarded as the perquisite of the rich, a luxury, something for the specialist alone, and to a certain extent it is so under present conditions; but why regard this as necessary or permanent? In a democratic country it is as much an anachronism as the smoke nuisance and slums will be in a modern world of electrification and garden cities.

"But what about earning a living?" a mother may anxiously ask. "The children cannot afford to spend time on something for which there is no economic demand." But who would be so rash as to say there will be no economic demand in the future? So far it has not been tried. Therefore do not project the world of to-day into that of to-morrow, for nothing changes more quickly than conditions, and the public never knows what it wants until it has been provided. If you take thought you will

realise that there was no demand for a large proportion of the things now shown in the shops—until they were produced; nor until they were produced was there any demand for the scientific marvels that enrich our life to-day—the telephone, radio, cinema, motor car, etc.—which not only have brought new world to us, but have created employment for millions. The same thing would happen with art. If wider training both for the enjoyment and the production of art were given, new demands would automatically awaken and new avenues of employment to fulfil these demands which we cannot visualise to-day would open out to us.

Take another objection. Parents sometimes complain that their children were taught music and painting, but as soon as they left school they gave them us, and never touch them now. I quite agree that this often happens, but shall we consider why? They were probably taught to dance also, and to play tennis. But suppose for a moment that on growing up they found that none of their friends were interested in dancing or tennis, for how long do you think they would retain interest in these pursuits either? Young people are gregariously inclined and few desire to develop interests to which their friends are quite indifferent. I have no doubt that if sport had as little publicity as art the interest in sport would be immensely diminished while, on the contrary, if art interests received as much publicity as the sporting news, stimulation of general interest in art would be just as marked.

The Press, with its power to rouse public interest, is a potent means of stimulating art appreciation, but it is in the schools and during childhood's most impressionable years that the broad foundations must be laid, and a knowledge of art begun that is both personal and illuminating.

I should like to make it clear that by increased art education I do not mean merely more of the old-fashioned type of drawing lessons that we sparsely received ourselves, but art education along modern lines, which makes enjoyment a spur to effort and aims at drawing out imaginative and constructive ideas rather than merely copying objects in a mechanical manner, though observation and accuracy should have their place in later stages. It seems to me that every child should receive training in the means of art and its appreciation throughout the

whole of his school life. This training would be, in the first place, by the stimulation of his imagination through the free expression of his ideas, also by the composition of shapes and colours, i.e., design; secondly, by the enjoyment of good pictures, beautiful objects and pleasing designs; and, thirdly, by the practice of drawing. Looking at good reproductions and listening to good music should play an important part in the curriculum, with help and explanation from competent teachers. Visits to art exhibitions and art galleries should be regarded as more important than sport.

Why should a child be drilled in the proportion of numbers and never taught to appreciate the proportion of shape? Why should he be trained in the composition of words, but seldom in the composition of colours, forms and sounds? The appreciation of art and music is far more enriching to life than the mass of undigested facts with which he is now crammed.

Looking at education as a whole, we may query why literature should be regarded as the only art that is worthy of serious study in the secondary schools, while even in the University, where one would expect the foundations of culture to be broadly laid, we find that no importance is accorded officially to the pictorial, plastic and musical arts. The so-called Faculty of Arts is in this respect a misnomer, as the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts are usually granted without any knowledge of the fine arts (except literature) being considered necessary, with the result that it is juite unusual for University graduates in the Faculty of Arts to be interested in the visual arts at all. And so, in the whole system of official education in the State, art, instead of being treated as a language the rudiments of which every child should practice and every youth should study in order to fit him to understand and enjoy the great heritage of artistic culture now available, is given comparatively small consideration, and by practical implication is ranked as of minor importance in life. The consequences, the low level of general artistic knowledge and the lack of development of the power to enjoy art on the part of the public in general are unfortunate for the whole community.

If we now turn our attention to the utilitarian point of view, we find that increased art education would repay the State

—firstly, by increasing the capacity for happiness in the community, and thereby developing contentment; and, secondly, by selling the goods of the people, and so creating more employment. For art plays an important part in the selling of goods, not only in the immense field of advertising them, in which art mediums are of first importance, but also in their preparation. In textiles the colour and the attractiveness of the pattern are potent factors in stimulating sales, while it is shape, pattern and colour which sell pottery, glass and chinaware. The lines of a motor car and its distinction in style play a big part in its disposal, while countless other things are sold by the attractiveness of their labels and their effective display. Behind the production of all these things lie imagination, inventiveness, and the knowledge of colour and shape, and development of these qualities in the child by art education from its earliest years would in time produce in the State an immensely enhanced power to compete with the rest of the world. The frequent criticisms from abroad of our lack of awareness in effective display can be most effectively remedied by increasing the artistic sensitiveness of the general population.

Another reason why greater attention should be given to art education is that the supremacy of the written word for communication of thought is now being challenged. With the development of photography, cinema and radio, the eye and ear now play a role of ever increasing importance in the dissemination of knowledge, and so correspondingly increased importance should be given to the education of these organs, not only for the joy-giving possibilities of art and music, the potentialities of which have not yet been tried through mass development, but as the logical result of modern conditions.

When one thinks of the immense change that was brought about in Europe by the introduction of the printing press, which made the art of literature a heritage of the common people instead of a preserve for the wealthy and learned, we may well pause with awe at the thought that we are now possibly on the threshold of the same immense change with regard to the other arts. Through gramophone records and by means of the radio everyone may now have the opportunity of listening to the great masters of music and to the best of modern work; and for the

first time in history the same dissemination is possible to pictorial art, through photographic reproductions and the still more marvellous colour reproductions. The masterpieces of painting are now no longer confined to the great art galleries of the world or the homes of the rich, but now may be enjoyed anywhere by all who have had some preliminary art awakening which, if commenced in infancy in the schools, should attain its maximum development.

To conclude, may I quote Herbert Read in "Art and Society":

"We live in an age of transition, in which a whole way of life and thought is breaking down never to recover, and if civilisation is to continue we have to discover a new way of life.

"We might at least try the experiment of educating the instincts instead of suppressing them; for the cost of a failure could not exceed what the world has already endured and is still enduring."

MISS VIDA LAHEY.

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